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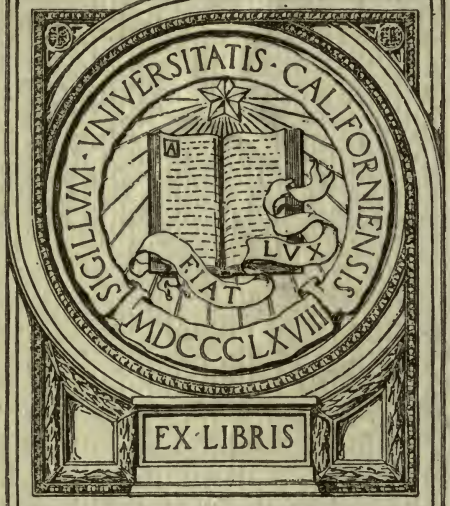

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Masque

of the

Wednesday Club

Marie R. Gareche

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The Masque of the Wednesday Club

Masque of the Wednesday Club

—BY—

MARIE R. GARESCHÉ

(With apologies to Mr. Percy Mackaye.)

WRITTEN IN HONOR OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF THE CLUB

1890-1915.

First Presented at the Twenty-fifth Annual Meeting of the Wednesday Club in the Club Auditorium, corner of Westminster Place and Taylor Avenue, Saint Louis, Mo., on May Twelfth, Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen, at Three o'clock P. M.

President

MRS. W. W. BOYD.

First President and Honorary Vice-President

MRS. E. C. STERLING.

EV. E. CARRERAS
PRINTING COMPANY
ST. LOUIS

Foreword

When I was asked by the Chairman of the Special Program Committee for the year 1914-15, Mrs. E. W. Pattison, to write a Masque of the Wednesday Club in honor of our twenty-fifth anniversary, she suggested that I follow the general plan and structure of the Masque of Saint Louis by Mr. Percy Mackaye, which was given at Forest Park, Saint Louis, in May, 1914, thus linking our modest effort with that great civic celebration to which Saint Louisans can point with pride as the most ambitious and successful achievement in the line of pageantry that this country has hitherto witnessed. In pursuance of the same plan, the music of the Masque of Saint Louis, written by Mr. Frederick Converse and Mr. Ernest Kroeger, was also drawn upon for the accompaniments and the songs. Personally, as well as in the name of the Club, I wish to express my acknowledgments to these gentlemen and to thank them for a part at least of the success that attended our undertaking.

Marie Belsaresché

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Production Committee

Director

Miss Marie R. Garesché

Finance and General Management

Mrs. E. W. Pattison

Cast

Miss Virginia E. Stevenson

Stage Setting, Lighting and Designing of Properties

Miss Antoinette Taylor

Properties

Mrs. Henry S. Butler

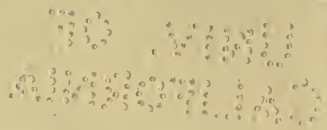
Mrs. Chas. B. McCormack

Dancing

Mrs. Albert H. Brueggeman

Music

Mrs. Robert Atkinson



Persons and *Presences* in the Masque in order of entrance:

Part I.

Time - - - - - Mrs. William A. Hardaway
Civilization - - - Miss Jennie M. A. Jones
Justice - - - - - Miss Jennie R. Lippman
Progress - - - - - Mrs. Halsey C. Ives
Gavel Bearer - - - - Dorothy Garesché
Spirit of the Age - - - Mrs. Archer O'Reilly
Infant Wednesday Club - - - Jane Butler

THE HOURS.

Hours of Day — Miss Mimi Garesché, Mrs. Orthwein, Mrs. Hill; Miss Wham, Mrs. Sam. Goddard, Miss Skinker
Hours of Night — Mrs. Boeckeler, Mrs. Hornbrook, Miss Watt; Mrs. Munger, Miss Semple, Mrs. Otho Ball
Conventionality - - - Mrs. Harvey G. Mudd
Brute Man - - - - Mrs. Ella H. Goodrich
Traditional Woman - - Mrs. Willard Bartlett
Antiquated Man - - - Miss Mildred McCluney
The Eternal Feminine - Mrs. William K. Stanard

SOULS OF FUTURE WOMEN.

Alice Brown, Frances Caulfield, Rebecca Chase, Martha Gelhorn, Wilhelmina Howard, Beatrice Kroeger, Helen Langsdorf, Annabel Lombard, Minerva Nichols, Grace and Vera Oberschelp, Marian Stoner.

Part II.

Wednesday Club - Mrs. George O. Carpenter, Jr.

WOMEN OF SAINT LOUIS.

First Woman - - - Mrs. Henry Boeckeler
Second Woman - - - Mrs. John Hornbrook

Mrs. Denison, Miss Denton, Mrs. Ducorran, Miss Flickinger, Mrs. Fuqua, Mrs. Gayler, Mrs. S. Goddard, Miss Hays, Mrs. McFarland, Mrs. Moll, Mrs. Munger, Mrs. O'Reilly, Mrs. Orthwein, Miss G. Semple, Miss Stewart, Miss Sturgeon, Mrs. B. J. Taussig, Miss Watt, Mrs. Seward.

Art Section - - - - - Miss Mary Wham
History and Literature Section - Miss Mimi Garesché
Science Section - - - - - Mrs. Otho Ball
Education Section - - - Miss Bertha Skinker
Current Topics Section - - Mrs. Ewing Hill, Jr.
Captain Parliamentary Law - - Miss Heltzell
Standard Bearer - - - - Eleanor Richards
Under Age Kindergarten - - - Mary Taussig
Smoke Abatement Organization - Rufus Taylor
Vacation Playgrounds - - - Kathleen Sheldon
Drama League - - - - - - Betty Ball

MALIGNANT SPIRITS.

Mrs. Edmund Brown, Mrs. W. J. Harris, Mrs. Howes, Mrs. H. C. Johnston, Mrs. Richard Jones, Miss Kendall, Mrs. Lubbock, Mrs. Mateer, Miss McCormack, Mrs. Schade, Mrs. Wuerpel.

Saint Louis - - - - Mrs. George M. Tuttle
Business Men's League - - Mrs. Rufus L. Taylor
Civic League - - - Mrs. Stephen B. Sheldon
Art League - - - - Mrs. George T. Moore
Board of Education - - Mrs. Robert Funkhouser

CIVILIZATION.

" 'Tis the voice
Of Father Time! What would'st thou, Father? "

Masque of the Wednesday Club.

Part I.

Background of old grey wall curving toward wings with vines hanging from top. Above is a blue sky shading into very deep blue at top.

Colossal figure of Civilization occupies middle of stage seated on a high rocky platform with an ascent to top on R. and L. Behind her is a temple door surmounted by a simple curving pediment. Higher up in sky is form of hour glass made of electric bulbs which lights up whenever TIME speaks. Voice of TIME comes from this direction.

On either side of stage, at the end of the curving wall, is a tall tower with semblance of a figure projecting from top. These are the Spirit of Justice and the Spirit of Progress. They glow with a mild radiance during whole performance and glow brilliantly when Spirits speak.

Time's part is to be chanted or sung. The others to be given in stately monotone.

TIME

Hello-a Civilization! Hello-a!

CIVILIZATION

'Tis the voice
Of Father Time! What would'st thou, Father?

TIME

In the fullness of my days I call
On thee, my daughter. Render now an account
Of the task I entrusted to thee.

CIVILIZATION

Sprung from thy loins, my mother was a star;
In the haunts of the cave men I first saw the light.
By the banks of the Nile my infant days were spent.
I grew to adolescence in the fair vales of Greece;
She bestowed on me the witchery of art.
Rome added sterner lines to my laurel-crowned brow;
'Twas she taught me to judge, to govern and obey.
The law of love, of service, yea, of pain, I learned from Him
Whose star came out of Nazareth to light a waiting world.
With these great aids I've striven hard and hoped to make

Of this our little sphere a better living place;
To realize what seer and saint have dreamed might be
The high destiny in store for the children of earth.
But, as I look around, so much is yet undone,
Evil and injustice hold so large a place,
I often sigh and wonder if my hope is vain.

PROGRESS

Hush! craven Sister, say not so!
Thou lack'st the courage to lead the way.
Take me for guide and never fear
That ever onward will be thy way.

JUSTICE

Nay, Brother Progress, alone thou'rt apt to fail,
For well our Sister Civilization knows
By past experience, often dearly bought,
Mere movement forward can lead to worse than naught.
But, if our sister here lets me guide thee,
Together we will lead her to a spot
Where her very soul will sing for joy.

CIVILIZATION

What say'st thou now, Brother Justice?
Have not I always called on thee?
'Twas in thy name I struck the fetters
From the slave and bade the serf go free.
Why speakest thou now as though I had
Neglected and despiséd thee?

JUSTICE

Thou hast done much, but not yet all,
As long as thou deniest one-half the race
The blessings thou showerest on the other.

CIVILIZATION

What say'st thou? Pray make thy thought more clear.

JUSTICE

So long as thou deniest to woman
The opportunities thou grantest man,
So long like a poor one-legged cripple
Thou'lt go halting on thy way.

GAVEL BEARER.

PROGRESS

Come, come, old uncompromising brother,
Thy reproach is undeserved. Dost thou forget
How we induced our sister here not long
Ago to teach the girls to read and write?
Look now abroad and see the schools innumerable
That cover this fair land, open alike
To men and women. What would'st thou more?

JUSTICE

Speak not so loud, my brother! Remember
I am thy senior, and that if thou hast movement
'Tis I have sight. It becomes thee to be silent.

CIVILIZATION

Alack! Alack! Ah! woe is me! If strife
Arise between you, what's to become of me?

PROGRESS

It is not my fault.

JUSTICE

I'm *never* wrong.

TIME

Children three, begot by me,
Attune your souls as one,
Else ne'er can be the great career.
I have in store for man.

JUSTICE

For man, for man—there 'tis again. Why not
For *woman* and man?

PROGRESS

'Tis but his way of speech.
Know'st thou not he means them both? Thou'rt cross again.

CIVILIZATION

Hush! Brother Progress, I have ever found
My highest good lay in our elder's way.
Speak! Brother Justice, what would'st thou I do
For woman?

JUSTICE

Give her the boon thou long ago
Conferred on man.

CIVILIZATION

What boon is that?

JUSTICE

The Guild
'Twas named of old, the Club 'tis called today.

CIVILIZATION AND PROGRESS

The Club!

JUSTICE

Ay! The Club! whose magic circle
Binds like souls in one harmonious whole.
Where each one to the other gives and grows
By giving richer.

PROGRESS

A Woman's Club?
That suits me well. 'Tis change. That's all I want.

CIVILIZATION

And what say'st thou, dear Father Time? Find'st thou
Aught of this within thy magic scroll?

TIME

'Tis there, indeed, my daughter,
And close at hand, borne by the Hours she comes,
My youngest child—she of perpetual youth—
The Spirit of the Age. By the hand she leads
A tender child and fair, her youngest born,
The Infant Woman's Club.

Spirit of the Age advances slowly down L. aisle. Her robe is iridescent in general effect. She leads by the hand a little girl dressed in pure white with a gold circlet around her head. The long train of the Spirit of the Age is carried by the Hours, twelve in number. They are dressed in pearl grey and wear veils of colors symbolic of the day and night, viz.: indigo, purple, mauve, rose, orange and yellow. Preceding Spirit of the Age walks a page dressed in light blue and gold, and carrying a cushion upon which rests an enormous gavel. As the procession comes down the aisle, the Hours sing:

SONG OF THE HOURS

Awwa, lawwa, anamoona.
Little child, little child,
  Where shall we bear thee?
Slippa, wippa, akaloosa,
  Where wilt thou rest?

Child of sunrise,
Born of the Age Spirit,
  Here shall thy home be,
By the Father of Waters,
'Neath the Star of Saint Louis.

Awwa, lawwa, anamoona.
Little child, little child,
  Bright is thy wonder.
Slippa, wippa, akaloosa,
Infant Club, Infant Club,
  Here be thy quest.

The procession, led by the Page, ascends to stage. Page takes position on right of mound. Spirit of the Age, Infant Club and Hours group themselves on left.

SPIRIT OF THE AGE

Hello-a Civilization! Hello-a!

CIVILIZATION

Hello-a!
Spirit of the Age! I greet thee!

SPIRIT OF THE AGE

Though I was present at the dawn
  Of every year that's past,
I'm ever young, I'm ever new,
  I dazzle great and small.
I've always something fresh to give,
  Now good, now bad, now neither;
It matters not, mankind e'er greets
  With joy all that I bring.
This time, howe'er, I truly swear
  My gift is unalloyed.

CIVILIZATION

My heart is glad to hear thy words,
And fain I would believe thee,
Though often in the past thy gifts
Have hindered more than helped me.

SPIRIT OF THE AGE

Thy reproach I know is well-deserved.
Oft have I worn a flippant face.
Oft carried poisoned stings.
This time, howe'er, I do repeat,
I bring a royal gift.
Look on the face of this fair child,
'Tis true as it is fair.

CIVILIZATION

'Tis fair and true, indeed.
'Tis as fresh water unto parch'd lips.

SPIRIT OF THE AGE

Here for her hand
I bring this gavel.
Forged in man's councils
'Tis too heavy yet
For her tiny hand to hold.
Yet on the morrow
It shall avail her.
So spoke the voice of Time.

CIVILIZATION

Yes! Father Time's
Tongue has foretold
How she shall wield it
For Freedom and Sisterhood.
By what name shall I call her?

SPIRIT OF THE AGE

She was christened in a fragrant grove
By Shelley's muse inspired,
The sacred name there given her,
She shall, herself, reveal.

INFANT CLUB.

"How pretty! How pretty!"

INFANT CLUB

My name is Wednesday Club.

CIVILIZATION

Sweet Wednesday Club, thou'rt welcome
To my tired and hoary age;
Thou'lt prove a help, a mighty prop.
Old, old am I,—so old.
But thou art young and strong.
Thou'rt strong and shalt restore me.

At her exultant cry Justice and Progress glow brightly in approval.

SPIRIT OF THE AGE

Here then I leave her;
Cherish the Child,
Guard well her token.

She conducts the child to foot of steps leading to top of mound and motions to her to ascend. The Page, bearing the gavel, ascends from the opposite side. Civilization stretches out her arms toward the child, who nestles against her. Page places gavel beside child and descends from mound. Spirit of the Age addresses Hours.

SPIRIT OF THE AGE

And now, my daughters,
Dark hours of night,
And ye, bright hours of day,
Join hands and dance in rhythm gay
A greeting to the child.

The Hours dance, and then forming in line as when approaching, and bearing the train of the Spirit of Age they go back by aisle on right, singing same song as when approaching.

The Infant Club picks up the gavel and looks at it curiously. She tries to wield it, but does so awkwardly, owing to its size and weight. Enter Unfriendly Spirits from back part of hall down left and right aisles alternately. The first is Conventionality. She is dressed in a rich up-to-date evening costume. Golden chains wrapped about her form, and linking her hands together, impede her freedom of action. She can only move to a very limited extent, but is big and powerful. Her head is fixed in one position. She carries a book and a lorgnette. She pauses about half way down right aisle.

CONVENTIONALITY

Pray, who is this queer little creature?
I ne'er laid eyes on her before!

Humph! a woman's club! let me consult
My guide, my Bible, my "Who's Who on Earth."
And see perchance if in its pages
Her pedigree appears.

Opens her book and, with some difficulty, owing to her constrained movements, scrutinizes it carefully.

Men's clubs, I find here by the score
But no mention of a Woman's club
To her own welfare directed.
It must not be—What *is* is holy;
What has been's divine. The new, the untried
I utterly abhor, nor will I brook it.

Civilization catches sight of Conventionality before the child does, who continues to play with the gavel.

CIVILIZATION

Hark! my child,
Little Wednesday Club,
There's danger near.
She of the fettered limbs—
Yet strong withal,
Conventionality
Is threatening thee.
Wield now thy gavel
And save thyself!

Conventionality creeps up the steps and tries to grab the child. She even manages, though awkwardly, to get hold of her skirt and tries to pull her down. The child resists, and taking up her gavel, gives Conventionality a push with it that sends her sprawling down steps of mound. She is disabled and hobbles off the stage evidently in great pain.

CIVILIZATION

Well done, my child! but lo!
Who comes from this side?
Is't possible? Brute Man?
I thought I downed him
Long ago.

Enter Brute Man from aisle on left. He has long hair and beard, is dressed in animal skins and carries a huge club.

BRUTE MAN

Downed me? Not by this right arm!
Though I'm not as numerous

As I used to be.
What have we here? A woman's club?
Ha! Ha! I'll make short work of that.
The Club! Look here! 'Tis a man's business.
In years gone by—nay, not so long ago,
I wielded it on wife and children both.
Thou, saucy child, also shall feel it.

He approaches the child, threatening her with the uplifted club. The child drops the gavel and crouches against Civilization, who tries to hide her in her drapery. The club is about to fall on her when a terriffic noise as of thunder is heard in the towers of Justice and Progress. They flare up and a shaft from the tower of Justice strikes Brute Man, who falls dead on left center of stage. The child comes out cautiously and looks over the platform at his prostrate form. She dances and claps her hands in glee. From right aisle comes Traditional Woman. She is dressed in Early Victorian costume—poke bonnet, long curls hanging over her cheeks, voluminous skirt, a microscopic waist, etc. A chatelaine with a bottle of smelling salts hangs at her side.

CIVILIZATION

Lo! my child, another foe approaches!
In the name of woman she'll upbraid thee.
Treat her gently, treat her firmly,
She's more sinned against than sinning.

TRADITIONAL WOMAN

Can I believe my eyes? A Woman's Club?
That I should live to see this day!
Quick! quick! my salts. It makes me faint.

[*She holds salts to her nose.*]

It grieves, it wounds my finest intuitions.
The brazen hussy! but quick! I'll seize
And gag the saucy child before
To full stature she has grown.

[*She goes confidently to child and tries to take hold of her.*]

Get down from there! get down I say!

INFANT CLUB

I won't! I'm here to stay

TRADITIONAL WOMAN

What pride! What arrogance! Know'st thou not
'Tis immodest, 'tis unwomanly,

For our sex to ape the ways of man?
Clubs are masculine only.

INFANT CLUB

I'll make them feminine, too!

TRADITIONAL WOMAN

[*Clapping her hands over her ears.*]

Blasphemy! Blasphemy! The world is lost!
If such sentiments prevail.
Know'st thou not the woman's sphere
Is home and not the club?
Unsexéd creature! I'll get thee yet!

She clutches at the child. The latter seizes her gavel and goes for Traditional Woman. After a short bout the child deals Traditional Woman a blow that knocks her bonnet off and sends her reeling. She sinks to the ground panting and moaning.

TRADITIONAL WOMAN

Help! Help! My lord and master! Man!
My protector, my sole support!
Where art thou? Quick! To my rescue!

Enter Antiquated Man from aisle on left. He is dressed in the costume of 1830, curled hair, lace stock, knee breeches, buckles on his shoes, etc.

ANTIQUATED MAN

[*Rushing to the side of Traditional Woman.*]

Sweet clinging vine! My heart's best treasure!
What ails thee?

[*Takes her in his arms.*]

TRADITIONAL WOMAN

[*Panting and near her end.*]

It's no use—no use —

ANTIQUATED MAN

Say not so, dear little half, my weaker self.
Try this.

[*Puts salts to her nose.*]

TRADITIONAL WOMAN

Too late! too late! I'm dying—dying.
I'm passing away. Avenge me,
Lord and master!

TRADITIONAL WOMAN.

[*She dies.*]

Antiquated Man tries to revive her, rubs her hands, feels her pulse, puts his hand over her heart. Finally puts her down and advances down front of stage.

ANTIQUATED MAN

Avenge thee? By the shades of all
The good women of the past, I will!
Where is the assassin?

[*He looks around and sees the child.*]

Ha! Ha! 'tis she!

[*He advances towards child, but in so doing stumbles over body of Brute Man.*]

What have we here, my elder Brother?
His fate is sad indeed. His weapons
Were old-fashioned. I'll try others.

[*He pulls a golden shaft from his coat tails.*]

Here's the shaft of barbed wit,
Deadlier far than massive club.
Rash child, thy fate is sealed!

He launches the bright shaft at the child. It strikes her but evidently does not harm her. She picks it up and begins to play with it.

INFANT CLUB

How pretty! How pretty!

ANTIQUATED MAN

What magic's this?
Has barbed wit then lost its sting?
The world is surely topsy-turvy,
Or have my senses failed me?

[*He takes another shaft from his coat tails.*]

But here's another—deadlier even
Than yonder shaft, 'tis pointed satire.
Let's see, fair one, how lik'st thou this.

He hurls the second arrow at the child. She catches it in her hand and laughs out loud.

INFANT CLUB

Another! Another! Give me another!

ANTIQUATED MAN

[*Staggering with astonishment.*]

My keenest arms 'gainst female pride
Turned to playthings in her hands!
The times are surely out of joint.
It looks as though the woman's club
Had come to stay, [*Despairingly*] had come to stay
Alas! my hearth! Who'll tend thee now?
Alas! my children! count no more
On mother's gentle care. Alack!
Alack! that I have seen this day!
Farewell, dear one! exquisite pattern
Of true womanhood! content to stay
At home! Content to know no more
Of History, Art and Politics than I
Did choose to thee impart, Farewell!

[*He staggers off the stage.*]

The lights become dimmer and soft music plays. Enter from cleft in back wall the Spirit of the Eternal Feminine. She is dressed in a long white robe and a diaphanous veil that completely enshrouds her form and falls to her feet. She advances slowly and majestically and takes a position directly in front of mound. She slowly raises her arms until they are extended horizontally at full length. This is the signal for the entrance on right and left from clefts in the wall of the Souls of Future Women. These are twelve little girls dressed in shimmering white, with bare arms and feet. They have gauzy butterfly wings and a silver star on their forehead. As they flit about the stage in rhythmic movements they discover the bodies of Brute Man and Traditional Woman. They accompany with appropriate movements and gestures the following verses, which are sung by the Spirit of the Eternal Feminine.

Spirit of the Eternal Feminine

(Song)

Who may these be—these be—
  As they lie on the earth?
Fair is her face and strong his arm,
Yet passing strange are they to us,
Far back in the mists of time lived they—
  And passed away.

We'll lift them gently—gently.
  Perhaps they knew no better.
Without hate we'll bury them quiet and deep,
Where they can rest in peace nor hinder
The march of upward striving that we
  Are treading.

We'll circle 'round and 'round them,
  And even drop a tear,
For once they lived
  And loved.

They loved not so wisely,
  They lived not so fully as we,
But out of their separate pain
  We have climbed hither.

Born in the past—the past,
  They've had their little day,
With the Dodo and the Mastodon
  We'll lay them both away.
'Mid dusty archives in museums grey
  They'll live again.

Part II.

The scene is the same as in Part I, excepting figure of Civilization which has disappeared. Enter from aisles on right and left Women of St. Louis, thirty in number, dressed in light blue, pink, green, lavender and pearl grey.

WOMEN OF ST. LOUIS

Song

Where shall we go—go—go
When the duties of the day are o'er?
Of worry and care
We have our full share,
And often we long
To join in the song
Of those whose lives flow—flow—
In sympathies broader and fuller.

Whom shall we call—call—call—
In our hunger of life to feed us?
Who'll join hand with hand
In one happy band,
And feel in the pressure
Our own full measure!
Upon whom shall it fall—fall—
The glory and honor to lead us?

FIRST WOMAN

Wednesday Club!

ALL THE WOMEN

Wednesday Club! Wednesday Club!

A young woman clad in a flame-colored garment with a gold band about her brow, emerges from door of temple. In her hand is a small gavel.

WEDNESDAY CLUB

Who calls Wednesday Club?

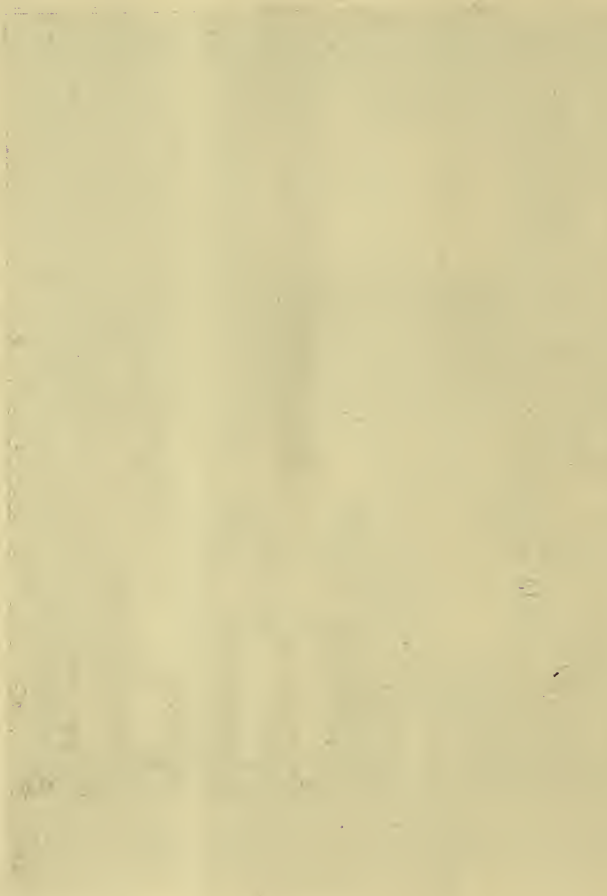
FIRST WOMAN

We,—women of St. Louis.

WEDNESDAY CLUB

Hail, glad hail!
My sisters—my comrades! What tidings?

UNDER-AGE KINDERGARTEN.
DRAMA LEAGUE.
SMOKE ABATEMENT ORGANIZATION.
VACATION PLAYGROUNDS.



FIRST WOMAN

Tidings of hope and desire—of dull,
Lonely lives—of lack of inspiration,
Of weariness with the endless round
Of social dissipation. We crave
A closer union with our kind,
An interchange of soul and mind.
A better vantage ground than that
Which four small walls afford,
To view the march of men and things
And take our part therein.

WEDNESDAY CLUB

Sisters, your call quickens my heart,
For to this purpose was I born.

FIRST WOMAN

Show us your sign!

WEDNESDAY CLUB

See this gavel,
Here on this mound I received it—a child.
'Tis but a symbol—it stands for law,
For order and organization, without which
Man spends his efforts all in vain.
'Twill double the strength of woman, too.
Hail to the gavel!

ALL THE WOMEN

Hail to the gavel!

WEDNESDAY CLUB

Comrades dear, I'll wield it now
And satisfy your rightful longings.
Ye would look deeper into life,
The Past, the Present. Handmaids have I
Who can its mysteries unfold.
Gaze on them well and make your choice,
To which ye'll owe allegiance.

Wednesday Club strikes door of Temple with her gavel. There issues from it a resplendent creature dressed in azure and gold, with flowing golden hair and a laurel wreath around her brow. She carries a banner on which is painted a flaming torch (Inspiration). It is surmounted by a Greek anthemion.

WEDNESDAY CLUB

This is she who treads the empyrean
Where imagination ever dwells;
Whose gaze is ever upward, who links
Heaven with earth. Art Section!
Who'll follow her?

WOMEN IN BLUE

We will! we will!

Art Section descends steps slowly and women in blue rally around her.

Wednesday Club strikes again the Temple door. There issues a figure dressed in pink and silver. She carries a banner on which is painted an open book. It is surmounted by a globe.

WEDNESDAY CLUB

History and Literature! Of more sober mind
Yet on high things equally bent.
To judge and ponder, to sift the best
In the mind and thought of the past
Is her special mission. Who'll choose her?

WOMEN IN PINK

We do! we do!

Wednesday Club strikes Temple door a third time. There emerges a figure clad in green and gold. She carries a banner on which is painted a square and compass. It is surmounted by two crossed alembics.

WEDNESDAY CLUB

She of the cold but steady gaze,
Science section bids you follow.
Facts and figures she revels in,
Practical ends she keeps in view,
Knowledge and power she'll bring to you.

THE WOMEN IN GREEN

We want her! We want her!

Wednesday Club strikes the Temple door a fourth time. There issues from it a figure dressed in lavender. She carries a banner on which is painted a tree, symbolic of knowledge. It is surmounted by a lamp, symbolic of wisdom.

WEDNESDAY CLUB

Of grave and serene mien is she
Who fain would lead the little child

ST. LOUIS AND WEDNESDAY CLUB.

From tender years to adult growth.
Mothers, hearken to Education's call
Her section enter—tho' 'tis free to all.

THE WOMEN IN LAVENDER

We will! We will!

Wednesday Club strikes the door a fifth time. There emerges a figure dressed in grey and silver. She carries a banner on which is painted zig-zag figures suggestive of electricity. It is surmounted by Mercury wings.

WEDNESDAY CLUB

For those who wish to keep abreast
Of Time's swift moving current;
To feel the pulse, e'en as it beats,
Of humanity's great heart,
"Current Topics" is here to lead you.

WOMEN IN GREY

Lead us! Lead us!

WEDNESDAY CLUB

Now comrades all, attune your hearts
To the sweet strains of Harmony.
Let rhythmic concord guide your steps
And joy and peace be with you.

All join in the dance—first the section leaders, and then altogether. In the midst of a movement a loud, imperious voice is heard from back of hall. It is Parliamentary Law.

PARLIAMENTARY LAW

Halt!

The dancers, evidently, do not hear him and continue their dance. Parliamentary Law calls out again from back of hall.

PARLIAMENTARY LAW

Halt! I say, your motions are all wrong.

The dancers stop and look at the approaching figure. They exchange looks of disapproval and even alarm.

ART SECTION

Who is the rude creature? I don't like his looks at all—utterly lacking in style.

HISTORY AND LITERATURE

He's not altogether new to me. As far back as the Germanic Witeanagemote—in fact, as far back as the Greek popular Assembly—

CURRENT TOPICS

Dear me, don't let's go back to Greece. It's a regular habit with everybody here but myself. I know the fellow. All the men's clubs to-day claim him, though some of them treat him abominably.

EDUCATION

Perhaps he can teach us something. It's never too late to learn, you know.

SCIENCE

He looks as though he might be thoroughly systematic.

ART

He certainly looks disagreeable enough to be so.

SCIENCE

I like that!

[*Science and Art glare at each other.*]

WEDNESDAY CLUB

Come, sisters—no ill feeling. It is by my invitation that Captain Parliamentary Law appears among us here to-day. Right welcome are you, Captain.

[*Captain Parliamentary Law responds with a military salute.*]

I know, dear comrades, that we can all learn much from him that will help us on our way.

ART SECTION

O, Pshaw!

EDUCATION

I'm ready to learn.

SCIENCE

So am I, provided his methods are scientific.

CURRENT TOPICS

And up-to-date.

HISTORY AND LITERATURE

[*Aside to Art Section.*]

Isn't she insufferable?

WEDNESDAY CLUB

Now, Captain, you may put my sisters through some paces —but be careful you do not wear them out.

PARLIAMENTARY LAW

[*Gruffly.*]

Very well, Madam. Attention! Fall in line!

[*Sections headed by their leaders fall in line.*]

PARLIAMENTARY LAW

As I said before, not one of you knows how to make a motion.

ART

Why, I thought we were getting along beautifully.

PARLIAMENTARY LAW

Silence! Beautifully! Who cares for beauty? You were just about to get into a tangle from which neither Reed nor Robert could have rescued you.

HISTORY AND LITERATURE

Who are they?

PARLIAMENTARY LAW

My masters—your masters.

WEDNESDAY CLUB

Nay, Captain, I object to that expression. Say rather our servants. As I told you when I engaged you, I consider you but a means to an end—no more. On that condition, you may proceed.

PARLIAMENTARY LAW

[*Gruffly.*]

Very well, Madam. Attention!

[*Puts them through a drill. At the end of a few minutes, Wednesday Club interrupts him.*]

WEDNESDAY CLUB

That will do, Captain. You're taking up too much time.

PARLIAMENTARY LAW

But I'm not through.

WEDNESDAY CLUB

That will do. We'll not have time for anything else.

PARLIAMENTARY LAW

Why, what else do you want to do?

ALL THE SECTIONS

Lots of things.

WEDNESDAY CLUB

I really must insist, dear Captain, that you leave us.

PARLIAMENTARY LAW

Very well, Madam. I'll leave this with you. You had better get these young women to study it. They need it.

He produces a large volume from his pocket, entitled "Parliamentary Procedure," and hangs it in a conspicuous place in front of platform, and retires the way he came. Some of the women crowd around the book and begin to peruse its contents. An active argument, suggested by pantomime, ensues.

WEDNESDAY CLUB

Be careful, comrades, lest ye o'ervalue
The gallant Captain's gift. Remember well,
The letter killeth; 'tis the spirit giveth life.
Above law is justice, above form, substance.
'Tis well to have a law, a constitution.
But above them, I propose we place
As rule of life and conduct
This motto for our club.

As she utters the last words the doors of the Temple open and there emerges a Page dressed in white and gold. She carries a white silk banner bearing in golden letters the following words:

Tolerance
Loyalty
Courtesy
Sisterhood.

The Sections testify their approval and form into rhythmic groups. Soft music plays. The lights grow dim and mysterious. the figure of Wednesday Club alone is brilliantly illuminated. She stands with head upraised as though listening for a voice from above. Time flashes out.

TIME

Hello-a! Wednesday Club! Hello-a!

WEDNESDAY CLUB

Hark! Who calls? What would'st thou?

TIME

'Tis I, Father Time! Hearken to that
Which Justice and Progress have to say.

WEDNESDAY CLUB

Speak, great spirits! To ye both we owe
Allegiance. Gather round, my comrades, and hearken!

JUSTICE

When I opened wide the door of knowledge
And rescued ye from childish things,
When I denied ye were toy or chattel,
And Man's equal proclaiméd ye,
I fondly hoped ye'd lend your aid
To bring my kingdom in this world.

WEDNESDAY CLUB

To no greater honor can we aspire.

JUSTICE

Many wrongs and flagrant evils
Afflict this land—your own fair city.
To remedy them will ye lend a hand?

WEDNESDAY CLUB

Indeed we will! Show but the way.

ALL THE WOMEN

Show but the way. Show but the way.

PROGRESS

Get the ballot. That's the shortest way.

About one-half the women clap their hands over their ears. The others nod in approval. Cries of "No!" "No!" "Why not?" are heard.

WEDNESDAY CLUB

[With some embarrassment.]

I'm very sorry, Progress dear.
But see you! We do not all agree.
Is there not another way?

PROGRESS

None as good for efficiency and speed.
Ye may, however, in diverse ways
Make small beginnings. 'Twill be
Good practice and will lead you on
To surer means and bigger ends.

WEDNESDAY CLUB

Speak! We hearken! Where shall we begin?

JUSTICE

Little children by the score,
In the hovels of the poor,
Are denied the schoolroom door,
Because, forsooth, they're under six.

WEDNESDAY CLUB

Comrades, what say you? 'Tis for you to decide.
All those who are in favor say "aye"!

MANY VOICES

Aye! Aye!

WEDNESDAY CLUB

So be it.

She taps with her gavel on the door and there issues from it a little child poorly dressed. On the top of her head is the figure 6. She carries a banner bearing the words "Under Age Kindergarten." Wednesday Club leads her gently to the top of the stairs. Several women go up to meet her and lead her down.

PROGRESS

'Tis my turn next. Have ye not marked
The pall of smoke that like a shroud
Envelops this fair city, turning
Beauteous day into night? Nay, worse
Than night, for one can breathe by night.
Can ye help too, in that, fair ladies?

MANY VOICES

We can! We can!

ONE VOICE

At least, we can *try*.

WEDNESDAY CLUB

'Tis the first stage of success.

She strikes the door of Temple. Out steps a little boy dressed in immaculate white, save for a hat in the shape of a tall stove pipe closed on top with a silver lid. He carries a banner with the words, "Smoke Abatement Organization." The women greet him joyfully as Wednesday Club leads him to the steps.

JUSTICE

Hark back to the children. More pitiable they
Than the suffering caused by the blackest smoke
That e'er from factory or apartment house poured.
In the heat of summer no playgrounds have they,
Save filthy alleys and dangerous streets.

WEDNESDAY CLUB

We'll remedy that.

ALL THE WOMEN

We will! We will!

Wednesday Club strikes Temple door. A little girl emerges. She is dressed in a picturesque costume, suggestive of the foreign lower classes. She carries a banner bearing the words, "Vacation Playgrounds."

PROGRESS

One thing more. 'Tis my fond hope
To lead the people of this fair land
To appreciate the best in art.
In music I feel I've made a start;
The Sunday "Pop's" a proof of that.
Nor is the Museum in Forest Park
By highbrows only frequented.
But when 'tis question of the Drama,
All I can do is tear my hair.
Naught seems to please the young or old
But vaudeville and picture shows.

WEDNESDAY CLUB

We'll help you out.

ALL THE WOMEN

Indeed we will!

FIRST WOMAN

TO

SECOND WOMAN

Better begin at home, I think.
Pray where were you last night?

SECOND WOMAN

Sh!

Just a few seats in front of you.

Wednesday Club taps on door. Infant Drama League appears. She is dressed in Greek classic costume. She carries a banner on one side of which appears, "Drama League," on the other, "A bas Vaudeville."

The women fondle and play with the children to the sound of joyous music. Suddenly the lights grow dim and blue. Wednesday Club peers in the darkness in front of her.

WEDNESDAY CLUB

Hark! Comrades! I descry afar
Evil spirits approaching. I know
Them well—caitiffs and cowards all,
Selfish Business, False Civic Economy,
Corrupt Politics—the whole brood
Of those who e'er delight to thwart
The course of Progress—the ways
Of Justice. Save the dear children!

Low, threatening music is heard. The women snatch up the children, as twelve figures wrapped in long, dark cloaks, that have been coming stealthily down left aisle now leap up on the stage, and, throwing back their cloaks, show hideous masks of faces. Their garments are covered with large $ signs. They utter strange, discordant cries and try to snatch the children from the women. A furious battle ensues. Suddenly a terrific noise, accompanied by lightning, flashes forth from the towers of Justice and Progress. The Spirits, evidently blinded and stunned, stagger off the stage right and left. Bright light shines again and the music becomes bright and joyous.

WEDNESDAY CLUB

Well done, my gallant ones, well done!
Heaven itself extends its arm
And scatters those who oppose us.
But who comes here? Is't other foes or friends?

Running down right aisle comes first St. Louis, a knight in shining armor, brandishing a sword. The Civic League, the Business Men's League, the Art League and the Board of Education follow.

ST. LOUIS

Hail! Wednesday Club! Beloved sister!
Sounds of distress I heard and hastened
Hither,—I and my stalwart sons,
Business Men's League and Art League,
Board of Education and Civic League,
Where is the enemy?

WEDNESDAY CLUB

Gone, my lord,
Routed by powers from on high.
We thank you, howe'er, and your stalwart sons
For your proffered aid. It may
Avail us yet. These are but tender
Infants and need much watchful care.

CIVIC LEAGUE

I'll help take care of this one!

[*Takes Vacation Playground by the hand.*]

BUSINESS MEN'S LEAGUE

And I this one!

[*Takes Smoke Abatement Organization by the hand.*]

BOARD OF EDUCATION

I promise nothing, but hope, in time, I may adopt this little one.

[*Takes Under Age Kindergarten by the hand.*]

ART LEAGUE

To this sweet child, 'twill be my right
To lend a helping hand.

[*Takes Infant Drama League by the hand.*]

WEDNESDAY CLUB

We thank you, brothers, one and all!

ALL THE WOMEN

We thank you, brothers, one and all!

WEDNESDAY CLUB

Now let us tread a courtly measure,
And raise our voices in accents gay,
To celebrate this joyous day,
And testify our pleasure!

They dance and sing—Wednesday Club and St. Louis leading.

CHORUS

Sisters and brothers are we,
Working for a common end;
One for the all, all in one,
We wheel in the joy of the dance.

They then form in pairs, and led by St. Louis and Wednesday Club, pass in procession down center steps and aisle on right to the sound of March of the Pioneers by Mr. E. R. Kroeger.

THE END

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